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Death At The Door



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Chapter 1 by Elisabeth Ford

Derick Deaver was by definition an old man. The last door on the top floor of Canterbury Heights had been his home for the past sixty years. A simple man really. At 5 am he use to take Frederick the Fourth for a walk around the block. The French bulldog was the fourth purebred in a line of dignitaries, a brown hound of immense size. Frederick was also the only animal allowed in the building, simply because Derick Deaver was the caretaker at the time.

Upon their return home, he would prepare his Oatmeal and Frederick's Pedigree was dished out. After doing his morning rounds, which included badgering tenants about an unfamiliar scratch on their front door or about some noise that was 'clearly' disturbing everyone, he would settle in his living room.

On one particular afternoon Derick read the paper while taking subtle puffs from his pipe with Frederick snoring at his feet. Before long, a familiar rap at the door followed. It never pleased Derick to hear it. To him it always sounded more like a goblin trying to ram its way in.

Chapter 2 by Sub-Reality



Derick sighed and reluctantly opened the door.

"Come on in, Death."

"Morning, Derick. Brought

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"Set 'em on the table...and wipe your feet."

Death set a crumpled bag of bagels on the the small, two-person table and stooped down to pat Frederick on the head.

"Can I take your scythe?"

"Ha! Never again!", Death laughed, setting the scythe in the corner.

They both shared a chuckle and took their seats at the table.

"Cards again, Derick? You never grow weary of this damn game?"

"Only thing I can beat you in!"

After a couple of hands and some small talk, Derick looked up from his cards.

"So...have you asked about the extension?"

Death set his cards down and folded his hands in his lap.

"I did. There's loads of paperwork that goes into this sort of thing. And you know it wouldn't be for any great amount of time. I told you to stop that smoking!"

"Yeah, I figured...you've been nice enough to hold off for this long already. I wouldn't want to get you in trouble with..."

Derick trailed off to allow Death to finish his sentence.

"Derick, you devil, I know what you're trying to do! I'm not telling you where you're going!"

"Ah! The Devil, then?!"

"Derick, don't put words in my mouth!"

"You've always been terrible with..." See more of Story Wars ...e picked a bible off a shelf full of different religious texts...

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"How many religions have a Devil? Don't you know?"

"Gosh, Derick, that's not my job. I'm only concerned with one, after all."

"Hmm...wondering if there's a universal get into Heaven for all of them."

Death crossed his arms and shook his head. He stared at Frederick the Fourth, deep in thought.

"You know...there may be a way..."

Chapter 3 by Makayla Jannae Heighton



Death sat in his boss' office. He had been waiting for twenty minutes already. He was lucky his boss' secretary was kind enough to let him wait inside.

He drummed his fingers in his leg, listening to the clicking sound they made.

He heard the door open behind him.

Boss sat at his desk, barely regarding Death.

"Did you have another set back?" Boss asked. He focused on the paperwork at his desk.

"I wouldn't call it a set back" Death said.

"Why else would you be here?" Boss said, with a dismissive sigh.

"I think we should let him become Death."

Boss looked at him now. "That old fool become Death? You want to make him one of you."

"He has a good heart." Death said. "He could be excellent."

"Bah, a good heart. When has that ever made a good member of Death."

"That's what my recruiter said about me."

Boss sighed, "Let me run it past Joe. If he agrees, you can make him Death."

Death smiled. "Thanks Boss."

Chapter 4 by Lucifreyja



Death sat on a park bench watching the pigeons ebb and flow in great flocks around him. The wind carried with it the tune of a violinist playing on fifth avenue. Her time would be coming soon, and Death wondered who it was who would come to collect her. Would it be himself, who had been a reaper for so very long? Or would it be Derick Deaver, the kindhearted (if not

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"Excuse me?" He said.

The pigeon cocked its head to one side and then the other, trying to look at Death, and said, "It's me. Joe."

"Why are you in a pigeon, Joe?"

"It was the closest living thing to you and I'm in a hurry. Look, the boss just wanted me to talk to you about recruiting a new reaper."

"Oh, yes. You came to talk to me yourself?"

"You were on my route. Don't overthink it. Anyways, yeah, we are all in agreement. That Derick fellow, go ahead and bring him in. We'll interview him and if everything goes well, he can become Death."

Before Death could respond, the pigeon gave a vacant squack and flew away. Now all Death had to do was pass the good news onto his very old friend.

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